

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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FILTHY AND ROTTEN

Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, one of the foremost literary critics in America—and a sound one, at that—recently said: "Never in history has literature been so consistently filthy and rotter as it is to-day." Books, books, books, everywhere. Circulating libraries in motor buses, in drug stores, department stores, hardware stores, hat stores and gas stations. Not a classic among them. Not a book that would help build character. Not a clean, beautiful book, with the fragrance of new-mown meadows, or the sweet atmosphere of a happy home fireside. Slimy, slushy books, shouting from the house-tops the "new freedom of the sexes." Beautiful romance dead. Passion riding in the night from road house to gin mill, with nauseating attempts to daub her face with innocence. Here and there, like a ghost in the dark, a good book rising from the mud and mire, only to be swept aside by the awful flood of putrid stories.

ENGLAND'S CHANGE OF HEART

The recent defeat of the MacDonald government in the House of Commons on a vote which involved Government help for religious schools—a measure to which the Government was opposed—emphasizes the fact that there has been a happy change in the mental attitude of Great Britain towards the Catholic Church in the past few decades. Fifty years ago the cry of "No Popery!" would have resounded through the House of Commons if any measure with the slightest symptom of Catholic atmosphere were brought before the House. To-day, happily, things are different, different not only in England, but throughout the world. There is a better and finer and warmer feeling for the Church than in many a century. It is interesting to recall that in 1786 the great William Pitt, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, introduced a measure to help give justice to Ireland. The Irish had a Parliament of their own at that time, but it was composed entirely of Protestants, the overwhelming Catholic majority having no members and no vote. The British Parliament, not daring to defeat the bill, amended it so it did not prove acceptable to the Protestant Irish. Pitt— we might say, with his Irish rising—then launched a violent attack upon the Government for keeping Irish Catholics in political and religious serfdom. In 1801 he drew up a bill for Catholic Emancipation, though knowing full well that the King and the country would oppose the measure. King George III requested him to withdraw the bill. Pitt, instead, withdrew himself, resigning his high office. But in 1801 the shadow of Napoleon the Great extended across the English Channel and fell directly upon London. Daringly, what he had done was viewed, for the "Irish question" was assembling a mighty army with which to invade England. Pitt, irresistible enemy of Napoleon, was hastily recalled as Prime Minister—a magnificent triumph for him. But death took him two years later, and Catholic Ireland lost one of its best and truest friends in a time when its days were dark and its soil reddened with the blood of martyrs and martyrs. Years later Catholic Emancipation came, but Catholic hostility was still rampant. Deeply hedged its roots, it could not be eradicated, even in part, until the recent vote on England's aid to the Roman Catholic Church. The anti-Catholic family are dead, or at least in their grave. Hundreds of others have learned that the American heart, in

ONE BY ONE

One by one the sands are flowing. One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going. Do not strive to grasp them all. One by one thy duties wait thee— Let thy whole strength go to each. Let no future dreams elude thee. Learn thou first what these can teach. One by one (bright gifts from Heaven) Joys are sent thee here below; Take them readily when given— Ready, too, to let them go. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee; Do not fear an armed band; One will fade as others greet thee— Shadows passing through the land. Do not look at life's long sorrow; See how small each moment's pain; God will help thee for to-morrow. So each day begin again. Every hour that flees so slowly Has its task to do or bear; Luminous the crown, and holy. When each gem is set with care. Do not linger with regretting; Or for passing hours despond; Nor, thy daily toll forgetting, Look too eagerly beyond. Hours are golden links, God's token. Reaching Heaven; but, one by one, Take them, lest the chain be broken. Ere the pilgrimage be done. — Adelaide Ana Procter.

AUTO ACCIDENT DEATHS

The National Safety Council has just made public a report on auto accident fatalities in the United States in 1930. There were 32,500 persons killed, and many more thousands injured. This reads like an account of a Civil War battle. It is the largest number ever killed by automobiles in any nation in the world in one year; a four per cent. increase over the previous year. In the states of Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and the District of Columbia, auto fatalities decreased during the year from 0.9 to twenty-eight per cent. Nevada remained neutral, and all other states showed increases, Iowa topping the list with an increase of forty-eight per cent. Most of the deaths were caused by collisions between machines, or collisions with fixed objects. Pedestrians are getting away from autos better than they used to. Grade crossing deaths are decreasing, too. Fatalities are increasing alarmingly in rural districts, and decreasing where traffic lights and laws are enforced. Speed is the watchword of the age. Not chivalry, not courtesy, nor kindness, nor helpfulness. But speed, and more speed. Many of the speeders never see the inside of a church. They are too busy stepping on the gas, going nowhere in particular, and in a frightful hurry to get there. Willing to forget God, and willing to kill anything, animal or human, that gets in their way. It will take a powerful American hand to put a check to this growing tragedy in America's life, and to plant in the hearts of our people a little touch of human kindness when we are behind the wheel on the broad highway.

CARRIES ITS OWN LESSON

In the last State election in Kentucky the Republican State Central Committee ordered one hundred thousand copies of "The Fellowship Forum," a Ku Klux newspaper printed in Washington, D. C., for distribution among non-Catholic voters in the State. The publicity director for the committee, a Louisville newspaperman, testified the other day before the U. S. Senate Campaign Funds Committee that everybody at Republican headquarters, including himself, when they saw the papers and read the contents, "bitterly opposed their circulation." The committee, the director testified, burned forty thousand copies of the paper before election and thirty thousand after election. The other thirty thousand went out to the voters. The only Republican leader who strongly favored the distribution of this vile sheet, according to the publicity director of the Republican Committee, was Senator Robinson of Kentucky, a candidate for re-election. And Senator Robinson was badly beaten at the polls. The Republican publicity director testified that the "Fellowship Forum" papers "revived the religious issue of the 1928 campaign, and that religion was not an issue in the State election." Thus, little by little, the dirty linen is coming out of the grips of the men who helped defeat Alfred E. Smith in the South. But the very men who made religion an issue in the 1928 election were hoisted to political deaths upon their own bayonets. Heflin of Alabama is in the political ash can. Senator Simmons of North Carolina ends a long and notable career with his poor old body enshrouded in the crepe of bigotry. Governor Dan Moody of Texas, once a Presidential possibility, is a non-entity now. Bishop Cannon is suffering castigation from his own church people, and his name is a by-word for ridicule and derision in America. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, alleged preacher of the gospel, has been branded a public falsifier. The Anti-Saloon League, once proudly boasting that it "was born of God," has given abundant evidence that it has quarrelled with Satan. The Rev. John Beach Stratton, scoundrel of bigotry in the South, is in his grave. Hundreds of others have learned that the American heart, in

Our Catholic Schools

As we look across this land, and see in hamlet and village and city thousands of schools sealed and signed with the Cross of Christ, we may cry out in the spirit of God: "How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Christ, and thy schools, O people of God!" Our faith in our institutions is deep and unshaken; let that faith be followed by unwavering support of every Catholic school, and by unfeigned loyalty to the least of its interests. Confide your children, Catholic fathers and mothers, to the Catholic school. — Rev. Paul L. Blakely, S.J., Associate Editor of "America."

DANTE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST POET, WAS A CATHOLIC

Our wealthy Catholic people are not only leaving this field unoccupied, but the well-established Catholic universities of Europe and America, Father Charles says, have shown no concerted action towards establishing branch schools or universities in mission lands. In spite of great odds, Catholic missionaries have succeeded in establishing some schools in Japan, China, India and the Near-East. But these schools are badly handicapped by lack of finances. Their buildings are inadequate, their attendance small. Aurora University, conducted in Shanghai by French Jesuits, has five hundred students. The Catholic University at Peking, conducted by American Benedictines, has less than four hundred students. The Institute of Commerce and Science, at Tientsin, established in 1924 by French Jesuits, had only 117 students last year. India, a land in which the Church is making glorious progress, has no Catholic University, but has a number of schools affiliated with State universities. Nearly all of these have been established and are being conducted by Jesuit Fathers. The indirect result of Catholic higher education is real and telling, Father Charles says. Prejudice is overcome. Representation is obtained frequently on the governing bodies of State universities. A better feeling is established in the various countries, and the safety of missions safeguarded if sons and daughters of leading families are educated in Catholic schools. American non-Catholic millionaires have royally aided and endowed many universities in China and Japan, enabling these schools to provide splendid buildings and equipment, and to do excellent work. The Catholic missions have been sadly neglected in this matter, but all of them are hoping for better days. Here is a field, and here a work that should appeal to many of our wealthy people, for it is a work carrying out that divine injunction: "Go, thou, and preach the kingdom of God."

ARMY CHAPLAINS

Father Corby, standing upon a rock giving absolution to his men as they marched at double quick onto the battlefield of Gettysburg, is one of the unforgettable heroic figures of the terrible Civil War. The exalted moral and spiritual effect this had upon the Union soldiers has never been completely forgotten in military circles. Yet the U. S. Army officials never fully appreciated the moral effect, from a fighting point of view, to say nothing about the spiritual, of the presence of Chaplains in the battle lines. General John Pershing sensed this right at the start of America's part in the World War. In his story of the war, now running in many daily papers in America, he says: "Custom in our army, arising from lack of appreciation of the usefulness of chaplains, had relegated them as a class to the status of handy men who were detailed to write up reports of survey or run libraries." Early in the war some goody-goody agitators published sweeping charges in America about the immorality of American soldiers in France. Pershing cabled a strong denial of these charges from France, ending his messages with these words: "American mothers may rest assured that their sons are a credit to them and to the Nation. But to safeguard the Army from falling into evil ways he sent a long cable to the Secretary of War, in which he said: "In the fulfillment of its duty to the nation much is expected of our army and nothing should be left undone that will help in keeping it in the highest state of efficiency. I believe the personnel of the army has never been equalled and the conduct has been excellent, but to overcome entirely the conditions found here requires fortitude born of great moral courage and lofty spiritual ideals. "Counting myself responsible for the welfare of our men in every respect, it is my desire to surround them with the best influences possible. In the fulfillment of this solemn trust, it seems wise to request the aid of churchmen from home. To this end it is recommended that the number of chaplains in the army be increased for the war to an average of three per regiment. * * * Men selected should be of the highest character with reputations well established as sensible, practical, active ministers or workers, accustomed to dealing with young men. * * *

This recommendation was approved by Secretary of War Baker and later was enacted into law. Thus was official recognition of the highest and finest kind given to the splendid influence of Army chaplains, and they became an important and integral part of the U. S. Army in a sense never before so fully appreciated. And all through the war these Army chaplains justified the wisdom of General Pershing, by giving a superb spiritual courage to the soldiers and helping guide them through moral dangers oftentimes more harmful to them than the guns of the enemy.

MISSION LAND UNIVERSITIES

Two million students are enrolled in universities throughout the world to-day. This is twice as many as in pre-war days. There has been a large increase in universities and university students in China, Japan, India and other ancient countries. In India alone there are some seventy-five thousand university students. The universities in Japan are nearly all State schools, though there are a large number under Protestant auspices, financed by wealthy Americans. Missionaries in mission lands are disheartened over the lack of interest on the part of wealthy Catholics in the establishment and maintenance of Catholic universities in these lands. "A far-sighted policy," says the Rev. Father Charles, S.J., professor of Missiology at Louvain University, Belgium, "cannot leave unoccupied the vast and important field of the university world, a field already monopolized to a great extent by the Protestant sects."

The Methodists have decided not to fire their noisy old Cannon. The American Constitution is being vindicated. Six more men died last week from drinking alcohol poisoned by the Government. The rumor that the members of the Wickersham Committee had been drinking when they wrote their report appears to be unfounded. Only sober persons could write a document so complicated. Samuel Hopkins Adams, of Auburn, N. Y., quite famous as an author, is one of a group of American writers who have signed a protest against the strict censorship that is maintained on books in the Irish Free State. The Irish Free State doesn't waste its time with sermons or pleadings about evil books or plays. It hits them right on top of the head with a shillelagh, and out they go. Which, after all, is quite the common sense way of keeping the stage and the library clean and free from the muck of filthy minds.

Marquette University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers at Milwaukee, declared twenty-one of its foremost athletes ineligible for further participation in athletics because of failure in mid-term exams, according to a Milwaukee daily paper. Marquette has had a near-champion football team the past two years. Two of the ineligible are stars of this team. Which inspires the thought that reforming college athletics, like reforming a child, should begin at home and not on the street corners or in the police station.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

A minister's daughter in West Virginia read a crime story, then went out and held up three gas stations at the point of a revolver. At the third station she got a real thrill. The proprietor, reaching a handful of bills to her, knocked the gun from her hand, grabbed her by the throat and shook all love for adventure out of her system. Then he turned her over to the police. "I told my boy friend I was going to get a thrill," she said to the police. "I got a lot of fun," she added, "out of watching how funny big men look when you stick a gun in their faces." It would be interesting to know whether her father was busy preaching on the Volstead Law while all this was going on.

Some one started the story that Charles R. Barnes, Commissioner of Railways, was seventy-seven years old Saturday. We saw him at the Knights of Columbus' Fathers and Sons' dinner on the previous Monday evening. He looked like forty-seven, ate like thirty-seven and acted like twenty-seven. The Admiral may be seventy-seven by the almanac, and by the records of the vital statistician, but not by any other evidence in the world. He is perennially young, and finds joy in the comradeship of his fellow men just as keenly as he did fifty years ago. If Ponce de Leon had found Charles R. Barnes in Florida in 1513, when he was looking for the Fountain of Youth, he would have shouted: "Eureka!"

Hollywood is developing a home-like atmosphere. Buster Keaton had his face scratched, his shins kicked and his fingers chewed by an angry film beauty the other day. Years ago a friend of ours, a hop buyer, Irish, massive of frame and devoted to the success of the cause he represented, was the guest of a New York City brewer at a performance of Dante's "Inferno" in a metropolitan theater. He saw the devil spearing lost souls, heard their shrieks as the hot fire was turned upon them, and witnessed other realistic developments of the play through part of one act. Whereupon he seized his hat and walked rapidly towards an exit. "Don't you like the play?" his friend asked, catching him by the coat-tails in the lobby. "Like it?" he roared. "Like it? Why, man, it's too much like home for anybody to like it!"

The drinking of strong liquor by American soldiers during the World War was severely condemned by General Pershing, he reveals in his story of the war that is now being published. But about complete prohibition he writes: "Even if it had been possible of enforcement, I should not have issued orders to our armies prohibiting the use of light wines or beer. Our armies are simply a cross-section of the people whom they represent, and their psychology is the same, and any attempt to enforce such an order would have led to difficulties." We recommend these same words to well-meaning people who think they can enforce complete prohibition in America. Army discipline is the most exacting in the world, but General Pershing frankly admits that even with army discipline it would have been impossible for him to enforce complete prohibition. We might add, of course, that he didn't have Bishop Cannon in the army with him.

Joe the Baker was buried, temporarily, in a crypt in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York City, Saturday. In the Spring, when the birds sing and the flowers bloom, he will be transferred to a magnificent mausoleum in St. Raymond's cemetery. Joe the Baker looked into three sawed-off shot guns four days before he was buried. Then he looked no more. His body was placed in a ten-thousand-dollar bronze casket. Ten thousand persons jammed the streets around his home in the Italian colony in the Bronx and delayed his funeral for two hours, until police reserves cleared a lane for the hearse. The floral pieces filled forty automobiles. Ninety-five policemen, detectives, and mounted and foot patrolmen—kept the assembled thousands back. One hundred and ten limousines carried the mourners from Joe's home to the church, four blocks away. Eight professional pallbearers carried the casket. Who was Joe the Baker? One of America's most nobility. One of the Nation's most distinguished. One of the select citizens crowned as King by the new law which says: "Thou shalt not sell drink!" Joe the Baker was a bootlegger. Two of his friends are in jail, suspected of being partly accountable for his funeral.

In 1865 a healthy lot of Fenians, Irish soldiers in the Union army during the Civil War, went over to Canada in a body to capture the country and trade it for Ireland, so Ireland could be free. An uncle of the writer, and one or two other heroic souls, pushed a statue of General Brock into the Niagara River, or blew it to smithereens with dynamite, or something like that. The boys liked the "Queen's Own," Canada's crack regiment, in no time at all, raised a lot of commotion and shed some good blood. This caused a great uproar in the world at the time. But there is no uproar at all now when Great Britain deliberately hands Canada over to an Irishman, body, soul and breeches—for the Earl of Beesborough, which doesn't sound Irish at all, has been appointed Governor General of Canada. Troth, and if the Fenians were there now, the Earl might have an exciting time of it. For he had an ancestor who commanded the Roundhead cavalry under Cromwell, when "The Butcher" was slaughtering the Irish long ago, and his family has always sat snugly by the fireside of English royalty. Himself it was that got in wrong with the "Volunteers," just two years ago this month, for on February 22d, while the poor Earl was wondering why George Washington ever turned against the English, a bunch of the boys called at the Earl's ancient castle, built of marble, at Piltown, County Kilkenny, one evening to extend their compliments. When they left, all they left was ashes. The castle stood in the center of a great wooded park of several thousand acres, barred to poachers, and patriots, and filled with hares, foxes and ghosts of rebels who were hung there long ago. However, the Earl may be a good lad at that, which remains to be seen.